HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

The Shah.

The Shah's Departure for Paris—The Scene at the Railway Station—Notes and Notables—The Shah Returns Thanks—The Political Value to England of the Shah's Recent Visit.

[From the London Correspondent of the Boston Globe.]

LONDON, July 7, 1873.

The Shah's visit has come to an end and, amid a clashing of drums, presenting of arms, drooping of colors and cheering from a very select crowd of high personages, he has taken his departure for Paris. I was witness of his going. The day before yesterday the most inexperienced Londoner might have told that something unusual was about to take place in the neighborhood of the Victoria station. From an early hour those sure presagers of State pageants in England, a division of Metropolitan police, were in great force drawing a cordon about the main streets of the district, and by and by such a gorgeous array of glittering troopers of the Life Guards came clattering up the streets as certainly never before was seen. These latter lined either side of the way from Buckingham Palace to the Victoria railway station. For the sake of those who have never seen Life Guardsmen, I should state that they are grand-looking fellows, some six feet in height, mounted on coal black horses richly caparisoned, their uniform being scarlet with a cuirass of steel, steel helmet, white leather knee-breeches, and jack boots. When the body guard of the sovereign had got into their places, and the police had been properly posted, the hands of the great clock at Westminster began to point suspiciously near to ten. Precisely at that hour, your correspondent took up his position at a window overlooking the platform of the railway by which His Majesty the Shah was about to depart. He was admiring the very pretty and unique decorations of the station, which consisted of banners, flags, scarlet-covered platforms, gay parterres of beautiful flowers, costly collections of palms, impromptu thrones of light blue and gold, and last, not least, galleries of beautifully-dressed beautiful ladies, when a royal carriage pushed into the station. Now a royal carriage is very lovely to look at, but a royal duke, to my mind, is lovelier, and out of the carriage there stepped a royal duke, dressed in the gorgeous uniform of a general officer, for the assembled crowd to gaze upon. It was the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the army. Very portly is the duke, very affable in manner, very handsome in appearance, and every inch a soldier. He returned the salute of the guard, and then conversed with his aides-de-camp, also very gorgeously uniformed in scarlet and gold.

By an by an officer in dark blue and silver drove in, and, alighting, shook hands with the duke, who, as befits a soldier, was first upon the scene, although, according to the strict rules of etiquette, he ought to have been received by others. The officer in dark blue and silver, with the broad crimson ribbon of the order of the Bath across his breast, was the handsome Duke of Teck, an Austrian prince married to the Princess Mary of Cambridge. The two royal cousins conversed together for some time, and then passed each his way, to exchange pleasant greetings with the numerous high State officials in court dress of dark blue and gold, who stood bareheaded about the platform. Everything was in readiness. The royal train, drawn by a very splendid locomotive named "The Persian," and consisting of ten carriages, with the royal carriage in the centre, was waiting to receive its glittering and costly freight. The scene was very pretty. First, the crimson-cloth covered platform, picked out with prettily-contrived gardens, and covered in by gay festoons of many colored flags, and peopled by a crowd of state officials, generals, aides-de-camp and other gorgeously dressed personages. Then came a roadway leading from the station entrance, swept and garnished and lined by a field officers' guard of the Grenadier Guards, with colors and band; then a gallery of three tiers of crimson-cloth covered seats, running the whole length of the station, tenanted by ladies; guards of honor outside, and crowds of well-dressed people inside, and triumphal arches of flowers, improvised for the occasion, added something more to the gayety of a very pretty and impressive scene. Of course, the moments passed quickly away until the Shah's arrival in criticising the appearance of the persons assembled. It was particularly noted that the Duke of Cambridge wore the sword which had been so gracefully presented to him by the Shah in presence of the Queen, at the grand review at Windsor. This sword, in a purple velvet sheath with gold ornaments, was of Oriental character, with a very exquisite handle of ivory inlaid with precious stones. Then the ladies, to kill time, grew jealous because certain other ladies in the front row of the gallery were shaken hands with by the Duke of Teck. Observations were very properly passed upon such a one's bonnet, or the cut of "that fellow's coat," or the appearance of some dandy's boots. Then all of a sudden, there arose a shout, "He's coming," and coming, indeed, he was, with all the pomp and circumstance of State pageantry.

With the English everything must be substantial. Other royal carriages are but mean things by the side of the royal carriages of England. This arises from their substantial character, and substantial accessories of horses, horse-trappings, coachmen and footmen. Where, for instance, away from England, can you light upon a thorough coachman? a coachman with a becoming crimson face, stout legs and rotund body. All the Queen's coachmen are of this quality of man. Added to which they can bear any quantity of bullion and scarlet livery upon their shoulders, which I dare to say other royal coachmen cannot do. Six royal carriages brought the Shah, his suite and the Princes of England into the railway station of the London, Brighton and South Coast railway. Very grand these carriages were. Scarlet picked out with gold, with the royal arms emblazoned upon the panels. The coachmen wore scarlet and gold, of course, for this is the royal livery of Great Britain, but the coachmen of the two principal carriages which were open were thick with crimson slashed with gold; so were the footmen. So thick with gorgeous covering were these men that one couldn't detect the crimson for the gold, neither could one see their necks for the enormous "mass of gold cocked-hat" which set well down over them. These "flunkeys" were moving masses of cloth of gold. Each carriage in its turn drove up, and set down its occupants at the platform. From the principal one stepped forth the Prince of Wales in a scarlet uniform of a general with the deep blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter across his breast, the Shah with the same order, and glittering with rubies and diamonds, the Duke of Edinburgh in the uniform of a post-captain in the royal navy; the Grand Vizier of Persia in a blue frock coat, covered with bullion and with the light blue riband of the Grand Cross of the Star of India across his shoulder. The next carriage set down Prince Arthur in the becoming black braided dark green of the Rifle brigade; his royal highness was accompanied by the young Persian princes and an aide-de-camp. Soon all were busy upon the platform. The guard had presented arms, the band had played the Persian national anthem, and the colors had been drooped, and the salute had been duly acknowledged by the Shah. Immediately the Eastern King left the carriage he shook hands cordially with the Duke of Cambridge, and then, beckoning his Grand Vizier close to his side, he stood the centre of a brilliant group, of which the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince Arthur, the Duke of Cambridge, were the next principal personages. His Majesty now began most emphatically to express his thanks to the English. He spoke to the Grand Vizier, the Grand Vizier translated to the Prince of Wales, and the Prince bowed and bowed again; and His Majesty the King of Kings did likewise. In fact, it was perfectly easy to see that the Shah had been moved by his reception in England. He didn't exactly understand all that his Minister was saying to the Prince, but he understood a word here and there, and when he did he very unmistakably showed that so far as Eastern passiveness of manner went he was an Eastern prince no longer. There was once more some emphatic words of thanks passed. "Guard, present arms," shouted the officer in command of the guard of honor; crash! resounded the Persian national hymn; the Shah stepped to his carriage and kissed his hand gracefully, and amid the hearty cheers of the princes and the assembled people the train glided out of the station on its way to Portsmouth to embark His Majesty for Paris.

The Shah has been more than gratified by his visit to England. He has been awed, and in this respect the purpose of England has been served. She desired to mingle with hospitality the most profuse a succession of exhibitions of her power. She would not worry her guest with too many fetes. She would show him what was worth seeing of State ceremonies, balls at Buckingham Palace, great dinners, State visits to the opera, and so on, and with these he should be witness, also, of what her fleet might be capable of doing, of the compactness and physique of her army, of her vast wealth, the foundation of her power, and of the magnitude of her population. In all that England has done for her late royal guest, she has unquestionably done all in her power to impress him with her own importance. There was the review at Spithead, which, without doubt, was an enormous success, both as an exhibition of naval strength as one of the most recent experiments in naval gunnery and ship-building. There was the review before the Queen at Windsor, to which the flower of the army were bidden. There was the review of the Royal military at Woolwich. There the Shah was positively thunderstruck, it seems, and didn't disguise it, at what he saw on the Thames—the acres and acres of shipping; the miles and miles of bonded warehouses, and the docks, so densely filled with ships from all parts of the world, as at the time of his visit, to have been almost unnavigable. They took him down to Liverpool, and he grew tired before he had even got so far as the Cunard dock. He went to Manchester, and he was more than ever impressed at the evidences of wealth which the cotton city presented. Then he passed to Trentham, but one of the seats of the English nobility, at yet it is currently reported, not as a joke, but as an actual fact, that so wonderful did it seem to him for a subject to inherit such vast wealth and to be so popular as the Duke of Sutherland, that he said to the Prince of Wales that the proprietor of Trentham was far too powerful a subject, and that if he were in Persia, he (the Shah) was afraid he should have to chop the Duke's head off. The Prince's answer is reported to have been that there were too many like the Duke to commence with his head.

Then again, the King of Kings declared he was never so impressed with the dignity of a sovereign as when he stood in the presence of Queen Victoria, and he said his respect for her was greater than ever. He had seen her people, the wealth and the strength of the kingdom over which she ruled, and he thought it marvellous that a woman could act as she had done alone. England has entirely succeeded in gaining her end. Her hospitality has been most bountiful. She spared neither pains nor trouble to do all possible to make her royal guest comfortable and contented. And, unless the earth should turn topsy-turvey, she has gained him over to her side. No one can begrudge her this satisfaction. All's fair in love and diplomacy, and she has an unquestionable right to endeavor to outwit the wariest diplomatists of the world. That Russia recognizes the value of a Persian alliance is certain, from the fact that she is determined England shall not be the last to say "Codling's the friend, not Short." Russia invites the Shah to return via her territory, and he accepts the invitation. But England holds trumps, and Russia may finesse as she likes, she cannot win the game against Baron Reuter. You know all about the concession, and it is not necessary therefore for me to go into that matter; but setting aside all State jealousies and intrigues, no true advocate of civilization can doubt that England is fitter than any other European State to help Persia forward in the new path she has chosen. We may doubt the wisdom of some of her actions, but we can never doubt that England has been ever foremost in promoting everything tending to forward civilization among the nations of the earth. Her whole history shows it. Her wealth is evidence of it. Her freedom from aggression and her ability at this time to withstand it are in great measure due to her efforts in this direction.

Young Men's Christian Associations.

These societies are becoming, as they deserve to be, a formidable power. We see it stated that there are now 928 associations on the roll in the United States and British Provinces, and that of these 38 have buildings valued at $1,754,450, and 34 have building funds amounting to $432,937. Such are the money figures with regard to only a few of the more fortunate associations in the large cities, but they give no adequate idea of the solid financial condition of the great majority, if not all, of the same class of societies in this country and the Canadas. Wherever there is a moderate-sized settlement, there is sure a Young Men's Christian Association busily interesting itself in practical Christianity, and, therefore, receiving the aid of merchants and of other employers. For it is the mission of these associations expressly to attend to the spiritual, moral and material wants of merchant's clerks, and of young mechanics, to make them honest and virtuous, to find pleasant homes and good society for them, and to shield them from the thousand dangers to which young men are exposed upon their entrance to business life. The associations do a positive, recognizable work in uplifting the moral tone of employees, making them faithful, sober and industrious, and this is the great reason why the merchants and manufacturers have so heartily backed the appeals of the organizations for aid in erecting and furnishing buildings for their use. The liberality has not been misplaced. The fine edifice of the association in this city cost a great deal of money but it has paid for itself ten times over in the good it has done as a social resort for young men, who but for it would be straying off into ways of idleness and vice. The latest achievement of the associations in the furtherance of practical Christianity is their successful crusade against obscene literature. We owe the Act of Congress relating to that subject, and all the prosecutions made under it, to the efforts of the Young Men's Christian Associations. At the meeting of the late International body at Poughkeepsie it was resolved to keep up the attack on this monster evil with renewed vigor.—*Am. paper.*

The Spots on the Sun.

It is now established, if only by a careful examination of Mr. Carrington's observations, that the spots are not clouds but holes, and holes of no trifling depth, (although not absolutely invariable) about 2,250 miles deep. It further comes out that the atmosphere attributed to the sun has no existence, for, if it did exist, it would refract light to a sensible degree. Father Secchi, one of the warmest partisans of the solar refraction, on attempting to verify it found it imperceptible. The sun has no atmosphere in the accepted meaning of the word. But spectral analysis has told us what really exists instead of it. We now know and can observe the somewhat thin stratum of incandescent hydrogen which overlies the photosphere. It resembles anything but an atmosphere, being a confused assemblage of protuberances, or rather flames, darting in all directions with incredible velocity, and assuming forms of a capriciousness which defies all comparison. Among the difficulties attached to the spots are the light movements by which they approach or recede from the sun's equator. On the cloud hypothesis they did not fail to be attributed to the action of trade-winds. Here, again, the study of facts destroyed the pretended analogy. Those movements are simple oscillations, occuring slowly between very narrow limits, and not continually progressive movements. Moreover the movements are not common to all the spots of one and the same zone. So far from it that it often happens that one out of two neighboring spots will recede slightly from the equator while the other is approaching it.

Another peculiarity of the spots is as curious as unexpected. It often happens that a spot breaks up, and so gives birth to a group or rather a file of spots. The photosphere, or the inner edge of the penumbra, seems to shoot out a luminous bridge across the spot, and to cut in two. Soon the two spots so formed separate from each other and become independent. Now, Mr. Carrington's drawings and measurements show that it is usually the first segment, that which lies most in advance in the direction of the solar rotation, which detaches itself from the other in virtue of a very decided movement. By-and-by that movement ceases, leaving the new spot to follow the usual behavior of all the others. This apparently inexplicable phenomenon is owing to a very simple cause. From Mr. Carrington's valuable series of observations, persevered in for seven long years, we learn that there are transitory spots and durable spots. The one show themselves month after month, when the hemisphere on which they occur presents itself to us; the others last for a few days, and then vanish. Nor are they indifferently situated on the sun. The durable spots scarcely show themselves elsewhere than between 30 and 35 degrees of latitude. Those of the equatorial region, and those beyond thirty-five degrees of latitude, never last long. The first give the time of the sun's rotation with great exactitude, while the second would furnish only uncertain results if we were not able to account for the apparent irregularities. But the grand fact is, that the velocity of each spot depends exclusively on its latitude; so much so, that if a spot moves from its mean position, by an oscillation perpendicular to the equator, it instantly acquires the velocity corresponding to the zone which it happens to have entered.

Another important point established by these observations is that there exists no general movement from the equator to the poles, nor from the poles to the equator; which completely excludes any hypothesis analogous to the oceanic circulation on our globe or to that of our atmosphere. The spots, to which astronomers had assigned a primary importance, are a purely accidental, or at least a secondary phenomenon. They are something much more simple than Wilson or Sir W. Herschell had imagined. To account for them, we have only to consider the mode of rotation of the photosphere, whose successive and contiguous zone have different velocities, decreasing in proportion as they are further distant from the equator.